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DETROIT, TUESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1886.

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WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 401,824 bu., against 405,211 bu., the previous week and 427,052 bu. for corresponding week in 1885. Shipments for the week were 109,746 bu. against 366,938 bu. the previous week, and 281,097 bu. the corresponding week in 1885. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 1,308,284 bu., against 1,075,576 last week and 507,705 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. The visible supply of this grain on Aug. 14 was 28,017,493 bu. against 26,752,874 bu. the previous week, and 40,288,195 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. This shows an increase from the amount reported the previous week of 1,241,019 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending Aug. 14 were 2,409,019 bu. against 1,773,567 bu. the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 11,995,180 bu. against 5,392,610 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1885.

The market has ruled pretty strong all the past week, shading off a little on Saturday. Spot wheat ruled the steepest, and shows a substantial advance over the values quoted a week ago. In this market yesterday wheat opened strong and higher, declined a little under reports of a two and a half million bu. increase in the visible supply. Before the close, however, there was another rally, upon reports of poor crops in England and France, and the forced abdication of Prince Albert of Bulgaria through Russian intrigues, which may result in trouble in Southern Europe. The close was strong and the market active. Chicago was active, unsettled, but finally closed at the highest points reached. New York made a sharp advance, but a part of it was afterwards lost. Liverpool was firm with an improved demand, and all breadstuffs reported higher.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of spot wheat from Aug. 24 to August 23d, inclusive:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
Aug. 24	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
25	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
26	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
27	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
28	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
29	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
30	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
31	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
Sept. 1	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
2	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
3	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
4	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
5	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
6	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
7	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
8	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
9	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
10	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
11	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
12	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
13	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
14	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
15	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
16	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
17	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
18	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
19	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
20	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
21	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
22	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2
23	75 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2

In futures No. 1 white has ruled quiet and weak, and on Saturday values showed a decline in that grade. No. 2 red is steadier, but closed a shade lower on Saturday.

The following table gives the closing prices each day of the past week on the various days of No. 1 white:

	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.
Tuesday	80 1/2	80 1/2	80 1/2
Wednesday	80 1/2	80 1/2	80 1/2
Thursday	80 1/2	80 1/2	80 1/2
Friday	80 1/2	80 1/2	80 1/2
Saturday	80 1/2	80 1/2	80 1/2
Sunday	80 1/2	80 1/2	80 1/2

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the various days of the past week were as follows:

	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.
Tuesday	81 1/2	81 1/2	81 1/2
Wednesday	81 1/2	81 1/2	81 1/2
Thursday	81 1/2	81 1/2	81 1/2
Friday	81 1/2	81 1/2	81 1/2
Saturday	81 1/2	81 1/2	81 1/2
Sunday	81 1/2	81 1/2	81 1/2

The outlook for wheat remains unchanged. There is a good demand for export, large receipts at interior points, and a general belief that values will rule steady for a time. There is a stronger feeling prevalent in the trade, based on reports of the condition of the crop in Great Britain, France, and the northern provinces of Russia. The last advices from France confirm the estimates of 100,000,000 hectolitres (238,900,000 bushels), for the new wheat crop. With reference to the estimate of the 1885 wheat crop made last fall by the French Government (110,377,405 hectolitres, or 251,913,187 bushels), it now appears that this estimate was only preliminary, and that the final estimate, which is shortly expected, may reach 115,000,000 to 120,000,000 hectolitres (263,370,000 to 270,000,000 bushels) in which case the apparent deficiency this year will be still larger. The weather during harvest in the northern provinces was rainy and unsettled.

English crop prospects, according to latest reports, continue to be of an unfavorable character. The majority of the fields are said to be thin and under an average, though in some instances well filled. The rains have inflicted considerable injury upon the crops, which are from two to three weeks late, and it is now a certainty that the yield will be decidedly below an average.

The August report of the Ontario Bureau of Industries states that the area of wheat land sown last fall was 993,753 acres, but the injury by winter exposure was so severe that 76,171 acres were either plowed up or re-sown in the spring. The remaining acreage has produced an estimated yield of 15,057,794 bushels of fall wheat. The quality of grain is reported to be excellent. The estimated out-turn for the present season is 13,057,794 bu. of fall against 13,478,981 bu. the previous year, and of spring 9,277,783 bu. against 9,120,881 bu. in 1885. As compared with the average of the past four years

the crop is short 3,919,284 bu. of fall and 1,255,118 bu. of spring.

The Russian harvest has been favored with fine weather so far. According to the last official accounts received, the wheat crop will be deficient in only ten provinces, and satisfactory or good in 39.

In Austria, wheat and rye are turning out in quantity, but are very fine and heavy in quality.

In the United States there is nothing to indicate former estimates should be changed. In this State the crop is threshing out well, and generally in advance of estimates. In Dakota, Washington Territory and Oregon the crop will fall below former estimates.

The receipts of home and foreign grown wheat in the United Kingdom for the week ending Aug. 14 were 896,000 to 1,000,000 bu. less than the estimated consumption. For the eight weeks previous it was 211,886 quarters (8 to the quarter) less than the estimated consumption.

The following statement gives the amount of wheat "in sight" at the dates named, in the United States, Canada, and on passage for Great Britain and the Continent of Europe:

	Bushels
Visible supply	38,722,874
On passage for United Kingdom	10,296,000
On passage for Continent of Europe	4,460,000
Total	53,478,874
Total previous week	53,788,964
Total two weeks ago	53,850,621
Total Aug. 8, 1886	57,546,239

The Liverpool market is quoted steady with light demand. Winter wheat is quoted at 6s. 8d. @ 6s. 9d. spring at 6s. 8d. @ 6s. 10d. and club at 6s. 9d. @ 7s. per cental.

CORN AND OATS.

CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 15,137 bu., against 9,801 bu. the previous week, and 6,513 bu. for the corresponding week in 1885. The visible supply of corn in the country on Aug. 14 amounted to 9,822,403 bu. against 8,095,348 bu. the previous week, and 5,278,153 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows an increase during the week of 1,137,057 bu. The exports for Europe the last week were 470,236 bu., against 490,751 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 6,519,508 bu., against 6,527,797 bu. for the corresponding period in 1885. The stocks now held in this city amount to 6,120 bu. against 3,903 bu. last week and 21,780 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. The market fluctuates very little, but during the past week the changes reported showed a downward tendency in values. Our local market has stood up better than most others, and spot corn shows very little difference as compared with a week ago. Quotations in this market are 45c for No. 3 spot, 43 1/2c for No. 3 and 43c for No. 4. The market closed quiet and steady. At Chicago the feeling is rather weaker, and under heavy receipts prices have declined slightly. No. 3 spot is quoted there at 41 1/2c @ 42 1/2c, 40 1/2c @ 41 1/2c for No. 3, 42 1/2c @ 43 1/2c for No. 2 yellow, and 41 1/2c @ 42c for No. 3 yellow. In futures No. 2 is quoted at 41 1/2c for August delivery, and October at 44 1/2c. The Toledo market is quoted steady, with spot No. 2 at 44c per bu. The Liverpool market is reported firm with good demand. Quotations there are 4s 4 1/2d per cental for new mixed, 4s. 4d. for August, 4s. 4d. for September, and 4s. 5d. for October delivery.

OATS.

The visible supply of this grain on Aug. 14 was 2,541,164 bu., against 2,021,281 bu. the previous week, and 2,088,000 bu. August 15, 1885. The exports for Europe the past week were 55,743 bu., and for the last eight weeks were 584,494 bu. against 592,730 bu. for the corresponding weeks in 1885. The visible supply shows an increase of 519,933 bu. during the week. Stocks held in store here amount to 66,598 bu., against 49,236 bu. the previous week, and 30,851 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. The receipts at this point for the week were 66,137 bu., against 53,390 bu. the previous week, and 40,180 bu. for the corresponding week last year. The shipments for the week were 45,856 bu., against 20,736 bu. the previous week, and 15,073 bu. for same week in 1885. Oats have declined during the week, and are weak at the decline. New No. 2 white are quoted at 31 1/2c, No. 2 mixed at 27 1/2c, and light mixed at 31c. A sale of old No. 2 white is reported at 35c. But little old is offering. The crop this season is one of the largest ever grown. At Chicago oats are lower but more active. Quotations there are 26 1/2c for spot No. 3 mixed, August delivery at 26 1/2c, September at 26 1/2c, and October at 28 1/2c per bu. Receipts are heavy in that market. At Toledo oats are quoted steady at 28 1/2c per bu. for spot No. 3 mixed. The New York market has also declined, and white western are quoted there at 36 @ 42c per bu., and mixed western at 33 @ 35c. No. 2 mixed sold at 38 1/2c, No. 3 white at 36 1/2c, and No. 3 do. at 36c per bu. The prospect is for a further slight decline, but a more active demand may turn the market in another direction.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

BUTTER.

The demand continues to improve, although the warm muggy weather is against the market. Quotations are 15c for good, well flavored dairy stock, 12 @ 14c for ordinary to fair, while creamery is in demand at 20 @ 21c for choice. Demand for all choice table butter is in excess of the supply, and a further advance would not be surprising. The effects of the passage of the oleomargarine law are beginning to be felt, and when it goes into operation, which it will at the expiration of 90 days from its passage, dairy farmers will again have a chance to secure something like a fair price for their product, and consumers will get just what they pay for. The manufacturers, few in number but strong in financial backing, are not disposed to accept the situation, and will test the constitutionality of the law at an early day. The Chicago market is steady and firm for fine stock, which has advanced in value during the week. The finest creamery is very scarce and in active request at 20 @ 21c per lb. fine Iowa and similar makes 18 @ 19c; fair to good 14 @ 16c. Butter lacking weakness was offered at 11 @ 12 1/2c, but it was not wanted. Fine dairy scarce, and would sell readily at 19 @ 20c. Packing stock was in continued good demand at 7 1/2 @ 8 1/2c. The New York market is again higher,

with a firm feeling among holders. Of the outlook the *Daily Bulletin* of Saturday says:

"It has been a quiet week for butter, so far as the consumptive demand is concerned, and only moderate aid was obtained from shipping orders, domestic or foreign. Continued small receipts of choice and fancy stock, however, with strong advices from the West and quite a speculative feeling here have kept the tone more or less stimulated and added further to values. There is no doubt that a great many of the trade entertain the most confident feelings regarding the outlook for butter of all kinds that can be made useful for table purposes, and the investments making are evidently upon a sincere belief that a good margin will be found, and as all present holders naturally contribute their aid to advancing tendencies, prices are steadily pegged up. In a brief way, the basis of confidence seems to be founded in the belief that a short make of butter is a good business proposition, and is a settled fact, and that eventually the home consumption will be greater than last season."

WOOL.

The wool markets appear to hold their own very well, considering that we are now enjoying the dog-days, and there is no more business being done than what cannot be put off. This has made quieter markets at some points, and buyers are insisting that values are a shade lower. But whenever a nice lot of wool changes hands in the usual course of business prices are well up to quotations of the past month. Some failures, mostly from outside causes, are reported in the wool trade, and a couple of mills have gone under through defalcations on the part of officials, otherwise the outlook is as strong as ever. Sales in Boston the past week aggregated 2,908,718 lbs. of domestic and 400,000 lbs. of foreign, a total of 3,308,718 lbs. against 2,608,000 lbs. the previous week. Values at that market are unchanged, and while there is not an active market it is a steady one, with the outlook favoring holders. The *Journal* says:

"There is no material change in the tone of the market. Some holders have been forced to realize by the stringency of the foreign markets, and manufacturers who have been on the alert have obtained a slight advantage in this way. Aside from this there is little if any weakness in the market. The most favorable conditions are all retained. Foreign wool is in active request at 20 @ 21c per lb. fine Iowa and similar makes 18 @ 19c; fair to good 14 @ 16c. Butter lacking weakness was offered at 11 @ 12 1/2c, but it was not wanted. Fine dairy scarce, and would sell readily at 19 @ 20c. Packing stock was in continued good demand at 7 1/2 @ 8 1/2c. The New York market is again higher,

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Quotations in that market yesterday were as follows:

	Eastern Stock.
Creamery, tubs and pails, fancy	20 1/2 @ 22
Creamery, tubs, choice	21 1/2 @ 22
Creamery, prime	20 1/2 @ 21
Fancy stock, choice	19 1/2 @ 20
Creamery, fair	15 @ 17
Creamery, ordinary	11 @ 14
Creamery, good	9 @ 11
State dairy half-fair tubs, fancy	21 @ 21 1/2
State do half-fair tubs, choice	19 @ 20
State do half-fair tubs, fair	18 @ 19
State do half-fair tubs, ordinary	15 @ 17
State dairy, Welsh, prime	18 @ 19
State dairy, Welsh, fair	16 @ 17
State dairy, Welsh, good	15 @ 16
State dairy, Welsh, ordinary	10 @ 11

WESTERN STOCK.

	Western Stock.
Western imitation creamery, choice	14 @ 15
Western do, good to prime	12 @ 13
Western dairy, fine	18 @ 19
Western dairy, choice	16 @ 17
Western dairy, ordinary	8 @ 10
Western factory, fancy, fresh	18 @ 19
Western factory, choice	16 @ 17
Western factory, fair to good	8 @ 10
Western factory, ordinary	6 @ 7

The exports of butter from American ports for the week ending August 14 were 341,585 lbs., against 349,329 lbs. the previous week, and 506,284 lbs. two weeks previous. The exports for the corresponding week in 1885 were 223,577 lbs.

CHEESE.

Our local market is firm, and values have advanced on some grades. Full cream State is now held at 8 1/2 @ 9c, New York at 9 @ 9 1/2c, and Ohio at 8 @ 9c per lb. The Chicago market was active early in the week, but towards the close unfavorable reports from the Liverpool market coupled with large receipts, induced a feeling of dullness. The quotations for choice full cream are 8 @ 8 1/2c for cheddars, 8 1/2 @ 9c for flats (two in a box), and 8 1/2 @ 9c for Young America. Skimmed and off grades of full cream are neglected. Some operators express belief in a decline from above figures, while others think an improvement abroad will take place and enable present values to be maintained. New York was firm and higher early in the week, but went off, and most of the gain was lost. At the close on Saturday prices were still a fraction higher than a week ago. The *Daily Bulletin*, in its review of the market, says:

"Cheese started the week with sellers' prices for a 9c market. For three days the price was an open question, when receivers concluded to drop off a fraction, and at 8 1/2c for special selections and 8 1/2c for the general run of fancy, business made its first respectable showing, though even then was not satisfactory, and failed to develop a demand in proportion to the pretty full supply accumulated. The trouble with the situation seemed to be simply in the refusal of Europe to respond to anything in excess of last week's cost, the failure of receivers to foresee such a rise, and lastly, higher prices and liberal purchases in the country have come to hand on a market where it was simply a matter of discretion between selling out at the loss that could be seen running supplies into stores, or making consignments on a receipt showing up the largest week of the season. All courses have been adopted as sentiment might happen to vary or immediate interest—as in the case of speculators—seemed to warrant, but nothing saved the market from a little setback the present week, and this naturally has given rise to some of the old feelings of perplexity."

Quotations in that market yesterday were as follows:

	State factory, fancy, colored
State factory, fancy, white	8 1/2 @ 9
State factory, prime	8 1/2 @ 9
State factory, good	8 1/2 @ 9
State factory, medium	7 1/2 @ 8
State factory, fair	7 1/2 @ 8
State factory, choice	8 1/2 @ 9
State factory, night skims, average	6 1/2 @ 7
State factory, night skims, choice	6 1/2 @ 7
State dead skims	4 @ 5
Ohio flats, fair to good	5 1/2 @ 6
Ohio flats, fine	6 @ 7

The receipts of cheese in the New York market the past week were 34,349 boxes against 69,011 boxes the previous week and 80,215 boxes the corresponding week in 1885. The exports from all American ports for the week ending August 14 foot up 6,799,069 lbs., against 5,848,919 lbs. two weeks previous, and 5,856,571 lbs. two weeks ago. The exports for the corresponding week last year were 6,008,989 lbs. Of the exports, 1,899,780 lbs. were from Montreal. The Liverpool market is quoted steady, with quotations on American cheese at 48s. 6d. per cwt., an advance of 6d. from the figures quoted one week ago.

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State dairy half-fair tubs, fancy	21 @ 21 1/2
State do half-fair tubs, choice	19 @ 20
State do half-fair tubs, fair	18 @ 19
State do half-fair tubs, ordinary	15 @ 17
State dairy, Welsh, prime	18 @ 19
State dairy, Welsh, fair	16 @ 17
State dairy, Welsh, good	15 @ 16
State dairy, Welsh, ordinary	10 @ 11

WESTERN STOCK.</

Poetry.

COMPENSATION.

In that new world to which our feet are set
Shall we find aught to make our hearts forget
Earth's homely joys and her bright hours of bliss?
Has Heaven a spell divine enough for this?
For who the pleasure of the Spring shall tell,
When on the leafless stock the brown buds swell,
And the grass brightens and the days grow long
And little birds break out in rippling song?

O sweet the dropping eve, the blush of morn,
The starry sky, the rustling fields of corn,
The soft air blowing from the freshening sea,
The sun-drenched shadow of the stately trees,
The mellow thunder and the lulling rain,
The warm, delicious, happy Summer rain,
When the grass brightens, and the days grow long
And little birds break out in rippling song!

O beauty manifold, from morn till night,
Dawn's blush, noon's blaze, and sunset's tender light!
O fair, familiar features, changes sweet
Of her revolving seasons, storm and sleat,
And golden calm, as slow she wheels her space
From snow to roses, and how dear her face
When the grass brightens, when the days grow long
And little birds break out in rippling song!

O happy earth! O home so well beloved!
What recompense have we, from thee removed?
One hope we have that overtops the whole—
The hope of finding every vanished soul
We love and long for daily; and for this
Gladly we turn from thee, and all thy bliss,
Even as thy joyless, when the days are long
And little birds break out in rippling song!

—Cecil Thaxter, in the Century.

THE WILD ROSE TO THE SOUTH WIND.

Clasp me, O south wind, about with thine arms;
Love me with kisses that hide in thy lips;
Soft on my cheeking hand, soothed by thy balm,
Love's longing tenderness over me slips.
Kept from the nectar thy kisses will bring
I must surrender my beauty to death.
Linger, lingering, why do you wait?
I am far, and as fond as of yore;
Hasten, I pray, for the day grows late;
Twilight's soft shadows creep round me once more.
—Brooklyn Magazine.

Miscellaneous.

PROVED TO BE TRUE.

Dim was the waning light in the old hall
Of Lutteridge. Even when supplemented by
the ruddy gleams of the huge fire, it only
just rendered distinct the figures of the two
maiden who sat by the wide hearth, enjoy-
ing the beams of the blazing coals and chat-
ting together, as maidens will when the de-
licious hour of "bliss man's holiday" has
arrived.

It was the evening of the 1st of January,
1658, more than six years after Cromwell's
"crowning mercy" of Worcester.

Sir Miles Lutteridge was a Royalist; but
at the time of the Great Rebellion domestic
trouble and bodily infirmity prevented his
taking any very active part in the struggle;
so his possessions were left untouched by the
ruthless hands of the rough usurping
multitude, and he had dwelt on in his retired
manor-house, which had been the home of
his ancestors for many generations.

His household now consisted of one
daughter, Maud, a little son, Charles, still
quite a child, and a nurse who was Mary-
king, and Gladys Morven, the orphan child
of his sister, who, since the death of her own
parents had dwelt beneath her uncle's roof,
and had been as a sister to Maud.

Maud was nineteen years old, tall and
fair, with a gentle voice, modest demeanor,
and pretty face. She wore her hair, accord-
ing to the fashion of the day, in a number
of fair ringlets round her head, with a row
of neat little curls round her forehead. She
was possessed of wondrous skill in the man-
agement of her father's household; and even
in the half-light of the winter evening she
was bending forward to catch the flickering
rays on a piece of work in her busy fingers.

Gladys, who sat on the floor with her arms
round her knees, was doing nothing but
talk, and, to judge by Maud's brightened
color and compressed lips, had just said
something to tease or annoy her. Gladys
was almost a head shorter than her stately
cousin, and slenderly made, with small deli-
cate limbs. The red light shone on her
masses of tawny dark hair her small pale
oval face, parted lips, and deep wild bril-
liant eyes. Her features were not regular,
and her mouth was too large; but dimples
urked in the corners of it, and her smile
as positively lovely. Her hair was so
rough and wavy that to fashion it into ring-
lets was impossible; it just grew as it would,
forming a sort of an aureole to the quaint
face.

"Well, Maud, you cannot deny it?"
Gladys was saying. "Can you now? A
straight nose, I admit; a pair of deep brown
eyes and a long silky moustache, I will grant
you; also a head of thick black hair, six feet
of height and a martial bearing; but, beyond
that—Bah! I would as soon marry this
carved wooden statue supporting the mantle
on his shoulder! He would have as much
feeling, as much heart and soul as Captain
Westworth!"

"You speak like a foolish child, Gladys,"
returned her cousin, "who chatters of the
know-not what. It is likely that a travelled
soldier like Captain Westworth would take
pleasure to let you see the inner recesses of his
nature? He of course imagines you a child;
and I must say that, considering how rude
you are to him, I think he treats you with
considerable lenity."

"A child! I shall be eighteen next
month," declared Gladys, affronted. "And
I must say I think he might be more civil
to me."

"Civil?" The discussion seemed likely
to become a wrangle. "Why, you are as
rude to him as to me, as foolish as—"

"Well, I know I am," broke in Gladys
abruptly. "I can't help it; he provokes me
so. When he looks so grave and stiff, I feel
inclined to dare anything just to tease him!
But, oh, Maud, she went on more earnest-
ly, "I really do think that he is cold and un-
feeling! He has visited at this house now
for three years; and with children and an-
imals I have watched him keenly, for it is in
such ways that one catches glimpses of
man's nature. I have never seen him care-
less living thing!"

Maud's fair eyes were flushed.
"It seems to exercise you much," she an-

swered, with some temper; "but I really
cannot see what it matters to you; it is hard-
ly necessary either for you to like him or for
him to like you!"

"Only so far, dear Maud," said Gladys,
rising from the floor to kneel by her cousin
and slip her arm confidently about her waist
—"only so far that I should like to be able
to like my future cousin-in-law; and it is
quite easy to see the object of Captain West-
worth's visits here."

Maud's color grew yet deeper.
"It is plain that he must be very good, or
my father would not like him so much," she
murmured.

"Ah, poor Sir Randolph Debreth!" whis-
pered Gladys archly.
Her cousin shook her off rather impatiently.
"What nonsense! There was never any in-
terference between us. You may have him,
Gladys; you and he must just suit each other
—a pair of scatter-brains!"

Gladys still knelt on the hearth, with
clashed hands, staring at the fire and trying
to conceal the fact that she thought the last
remark far from kind.

At this point the fireside chat was inter-
rupted by the entrance of Mistress Lutteridge,
the lady's waiting-woman, with a reminder that
the New Year's guests would arrive in an-
other hour, and that they had best retire to
adorn themselves.

Gladys's toilette being earliest completed,
she slipped down into the great withdrawing-
room, and, standing before the long mir-
ror, began to fasten a spray of evergreen
into the front of her dress. She made a
sweet picture as she stood there in the light
of tapers and fire, in her robe of primrose
satin, the skirt set in full from the waist,
the bodice cut low at the throat, with a large
collar of pointed lace. One row of pearls
set off her small white throat, and her deft
fingers manipulated a bunch of scarlet-ber-
ried holly.

"There!" said Gladys, retreating a step
to survey her completed work.
"The effect is extremely good, Mistress
Morven," said a quiet voice behind her;
"permit me to compliment you upon it."

"Captain Westworth!" She turned with
a start to give her hand to a tall dark gentle-
man who stood behind her, a half smile
lurking in the depths of his brown eyes.

"This is an unusual chance—to find you
by yourself, Mistress Morven."

"I am very sorry you should find me in
such bad company, Captain Westworth," she
returned demurely.

"Do you mean to extract a compliment
from me, Mistress Gladys?"

"No one expects to wring water from a
stone," was the answer, in a saucy tone.

He looked at her with a puzzled expres-
sion, as she stood with her face averted.
"Well," he said, after a minute, with per-
fect good temper, "what I came in for was
to offer you the good wishes of the season; I
wish you a very happy New Year."

"The same to you, and many of them,"
she returned brightly; "and, as a reward to
you for bearing so well with my impertinence,
I will relieve you of my troublesome
presence, and send Maud to entertain you."

She danced off, singing to herself one of
Herick's sweet little ballads—

"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And the same rose which smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying."

Behind her, on the polished floor, lay two
or three scarlet berries and a prickly leaf
which had fallen from her dress. Captain
Westworth looked them up carefully and
left the room.

When Maud came in, ten minutes later,
with a heightened color on her smooth face
and a light shining in her eyes, there was
nobody there. She stood by the fire, tap-
ping her pretty little shoe with impatient
and restlessly smoothing the folds of her rich
blue robe, when a fair young man richly
dressed in colored velvet entered, uttered an
exclamation of pleasure, crossed the floor,
and, bending on one knee, kissed her hand
with respect.

"I wish you every gladness with the New
Year, dear Maud."

"Thank you, Randolph, you are very good.
I hope you will have a happy year too."
"Ah, Maud, it is in your power alone to
make it so!"

"Oh, hush, Randolph! Have I not begged
you?"

"Nay, but, Maud, it is only fair to ask
you to hear me! When Sir Miles asked me
to spend a few days here, I accepted with
joy, because I hoped it would give me time
to plead my cause. I want to make you un-
derstand, dear, how truly I love you. I
know I am not worthy of you—such a
dull-witted, foolish fellow; but—"

"Oh, hush! They are coming! Some one
approached! Another time!" hastily said
Maud, who, although she had no intention
of marrying him, had no objection to have
such a handsome cavalier at her feet, but
dreaded lest Captain Westworth should dis-
cover him in that position.

Her obedient lover sprang to his feet, and
walked away towards the window as the
door was burst open and Gladys ran in, sur-
rounded by a noisy, merry party of five or
six children, her cousin Charles clinging to
her dress, and all with one voice vociferat-
ing—

"Tell us a story—a story, please, dear
Mistress Gladys!"

"One at a time!" cried Gladys, laughing,
as she threw herself down on a great sofa,
playfully covering her ears with her hands,
and quite conscious that her uncle and Cap-
tain Westworth had entered behind her.

"Sweet Mistress Gladys," cried one of the
children, "you promised that, when next we
came to spend the day with Charles, you
would tell us the story of the secret chamber!"
You haven't forgotten your promise, Mis-
tress Gladys?"

"No; my dear cousin never forgets her
promises," declared Mistress Gladys eagerly.

"Nay, I have not forgotten," said the
girl; "but I think 'twill be weary Sir Miles
and—his guests if they come in and
ask as telling silly stories."

"Reassure yourself, Gladys, my girl,"
said Sir Miles, good-humoredly; "here are
Westworth, Randolph, and myself all dying
to hear the family legend."

Gladys blushed deeply as she turned to
view her unexpected audience; but she was
not to be let off.

"Charles! Charles! Make a ring!" cried
Sir Miles, blithely.

Captain Westworth crossed over and sat
down close by the side of Maud, all uncon-
scious of the black looks bestowed on him
by Sir Randolph Debreth, who leaned against

the mantelpiece, pulling his long light mous-
tache and watching fiercely the arm of his
rival as it lay along the back of Mistress
Lutteridge's chair.

"Maud is happy," thought Gladys, "and
so is he; I wish his opinion of me were not
so low! Now, my gracious dames and
squires," she said aloud, "are you all
ready?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the chorus.

"As it is so very near bed-time, this story
will be as short as I can make it," said
Gladys, "and no one must interrupt me."

"Long, long ago, in the days of King
Henry VI., before any of us were thought
of, the master of Lutteridge died, leaving
only a daughter to inherit all his property.

She was a fair and gracious maiden, and she
was always called the Lady of Lutteridge.
Now her father had given direction that
whoever married her should take her name
and keep up the old House of Lutteridge;
and because she was so fair and had so
many broad acres, with such a goodly house,
she had suitors innumerable. Many of them
came only for her wealth, some sought her
for her beautiful face; but she was wise and
discerning, so she married one who loved
her for herself alone.

"For a time they were very happy; and a
little son was born to make their joy com-
plete; but, when they had been three years
wed, her husband had to leave her, to fight
in the civil wars; and he took the side of the
Red Rose of Lancaster. While he was away,
news was brought to him that his wife was
untrue—that she loved some one else, and
was glad of her husband's absence. Now her
husband was a true man; but he had one
dreadful fault—he was very jealous. He
knew that his fair wife had been courted by
suitors from far and near before he knew
her; and he thought that there must be some
one whom she loved in secret better than
himself. Now, children, you must all know
that in this house there is a secret chamber
which has no door; and no one can reach it
but by one way. In the courtyard is a deep
well, in which hangs a great bucket. If you
get into this bucket, and ask some one to
let you down into the well, you come to a
little door, which, if unlocked leads by an
underground passage dark and dreary, and
a winding stair steep and lonely, to this se-
cret room. The letter which the poor hus-
band received told him that the Lady of Lutteridge
had hidden her lover in this place,
and that, when it was dark, she let herself
down the well to visit him. Instead of
writing to his wife and asking her frankly
if there was any truth in this story, the hus-
band came home secretly, and reached the
Hall when it was quite dark.

"He went straight into the house. All
was still—he could not find his wife. Then
he went to a place in the corridor where, by
removing a panel and peering through a grat-
ing, one could just catch glimpses of what
was going on in the secret chamber. The
hole is still blocked up now; but he looked
through it then, and saw his wife standing
with her slim white hand laid on the shoul-
der of a man who had his back to him. He
heard them arrange that he was to leave the
house that night, all being ready, and that
he was to be drawn up first from the well,
she staying to make all fast. The husband
waited to hear but that, and stole away
downstairs and out into the court-yard,
where he crouched by the well-mouth, with
haggard face and fierce eyes, in the dark
night. In his right hand he grasped firmly
something which flashed coldly white in the
star-eyes. He waited—an age it seemed
to him—till he saw the windlass begin to
turn. Some one was hauling himself up
slowly and toilsomely. Higher and higher
rose the bucket, till the staring eyes peering
over the brink could just see the moving ob-
ject, almost indistinguishable in the dark-
ness. Then in an instant a knife flashed
out, the rope was severed, and there re-
sounded in the still night a woman's agonizing
shriek, as the bucket and its living freight
fell with a fearful splash into the stagnant
water far beneath. The miserable husband
saw a downward flash of white and recog-
nized his wife's voice. Then his temporary
madness left him, and he realized what he
had done. He rushed into the house calling
wildly for help. The servants were alarm-
ed; they came out, let down a rope into the
well, and drew up the unfortunate man
from his living grave.

"Then the frantic master of Lutteridge
saw that it was his own brother! It was in
his belief that his brave wife had risked her
life by letting herself down in the dead of
night into the horrible well. This brother
had embraced the side of the Yorkists. At
that time the Lancastrians were in power,
and for some daring deed of valor a price
had been put on his head. He had fled to
Lutteridge, and the noble lady had hidden
him, without a word to any, intending to
tell her husband all about it as soon as his
brother was out of reach of his enemies.

"You may imagine how awful was the
grief of the master of Lutteridge at learning
how he had misjudged his noble wife. He
lived but a short time; his mind never re-
covered from the shock of such a terrible crime.
But they say that to this day the Lady of
Lutteridge walks up and down the secret
passage, or sits upon the edge of the well,
gazing pensively down into the gloomy
depths where she lost her life."

There was a pause as Gladys's soft voice
ceased.

"Cousin Gladys," whispered Charles, in
a awe-struck tone, "have you ever seen the
lady?"

"No; I have never seen her, Charles."

"You don't mean seriously to affirm that
you believe in this apparition, Mistress Mor-
ven?" asked Captain Westworth, satirically.

"Yes; I do believe in it, frankly," she an-
swered promptly.

"And you, Mistress Maud? You surely
don't share the superstition?"

"Oh, no, of course I don't believe in it!"
said Maud, laughing a little nervously; for
Captain Westworth was bending over her ear,
as if much depended on her answer.

Gladys's eyes opened wide; knowing as
she did full well that nothing would have
induced her cousin to cross the court-yard
alone after dark, she could hardly under-
stand her answer. It seemed to satisfy Cap-
tain Westworth however, for he leaned back
with a smile, and for a minute or two seem-
ed lost in reverie.

Maurice Westworth was a cousin of the
lady of Stafford; consequently he had long
been looked upon with suspicion by the

Roundheads. He had been abroad during
the Civil Wars, and had returned to England
only three years before; but he was tolerably
confident that the Parliament, or rather the
so-called Protector, had no definite charge
which they could bring against him; so he
went about fearlessly.

Accordingly, when on the following morn-
ing, Randolph Debreth, booted and spurred,
strode into the dining-room to ask him to
ride with the ladies, he was astonished that
Sir Miles replied that Maurice thought it
better not to stir forth that day.

"How?" asked Randolph, in amazement,
stopping short at the door, and looking at
the Captain interrogatively.

"Shut the door, Debreth," said Went-
worth. "The facts are these. I have re-
ceived letters this morning telling me that
the Parliament believe that I was concerned
in the escape of Prince Charles Stuart from
England, and that there are spies in the
neighborhood. I think it safer therefore to
remain here until I ascertain the truth of
these reports. Go to the ladies, make my
excuses to them, and show yourself to be my
friend by saying nothing of this to any one."

"But, Wentworth, you surely did not,"
began Sir Randolph.

"Never mind what I did or did not, I
only ask you to say nothing," he answered
almost sternly.

The young Baronet left the room, and,
joining Gladys and Maud, who were on
horseback at the door, he explained that
the Captain seemed out of humor that morn-
ing; so they had better leave him to his
vapors. They set out accordingly, Maud
very much disappointed and inclined to
snub her lover, who, it was plain, by no
means regretted Captain Wentworth's ab-
sence from the party.

They rode to the town, which was about
three miles from the house; and as they
passed through the market-place, their at-
tention was arrested by the sight of a group
of people clustering together to read a docu-
ment which was affixed on the wall of the
Town Hall.

"What have they there? Has some one
been robbing the orchards, or has there been
cock-fighting on Sunday? Or have the Irish
been indulged in another rising?" he laugh-
ingly asked Randolph, as he scattered some of
the gaping crowd of bystanders with his rid-
ing-whip, and turned his horse so as to com-
mand a view of the printing in question.

Gladys Morven, who was just behind, ut-
tered an exclamation of consternation, and
said in a low voice—

"Be silent, Sir Randolph, I beg of you!"

On the placard was a notice in large red
letters to the effect that Captain Maurice
Wentworth, of Penistone Place, in the coun-
ty of Devon, was accused of treason against
the Commonwealth by aiding and abetting
the escape of the rebel Charles Stuart, for
reason of which his lands and property were
forfeited, a reward of fifty pounds was offered
to any one who would deliver him up for
trial, and a heavy fine was incurred by any
one harboring or shielding him, or in any
way assisting him to leave the country.

The quick wit of Gladys Morven took
in the announcement with rapid glance. With
smiling face and careless expression, she
turned to the scared Maud, whose lips were
parted with horror, and, laying a hand on
her bride, said audibly—

"I fear our horses inconvenience these
good people, cousin. Have a care of that
little lad under your horse's feet. Let us
make room for other honest folk to look at
the fate of traitors; then she turned away,
her hand still on Maud's bride, and cantered
off down the street followed by the Baronet,
who was half amazed.

"Mistress Morven, what do you—?" he be-
gan; but she turned on him with decision.
"Do you not see that we may yet save
Captain Wentworth? These people do not
know of his being at Lutteridge; and any
betrayal of anxiety on our part would have
aroused their suspicions. We must inform
Sir Miles at once, and he will perhaps be
able to suggest a plan of escape."

"Do not forget that you speak to a sup-
porter of the Commonwealth, Mistress Mor-
ven," said Randolph, smiling. "However,
you judge me rightly; although I am the
friend of law and liberty, I do not believe
that Captain Wentworth is guilty of the
crime with which he is charged. I shall
therefore lodge no information against him;
but he must leave Lutteridge instantly; for,
should I be questioned by the officers of the
Government as to its whereabouts, I should
feel bound, did I know where he
was, to disclose it."

With much indignation Gladys turned and
cast a scornful glance at the young man.
"And you would lead us to believe that
you are a friend of his?" said she disdain-
fully. "No doubt the Captain will gratify
your wishes in more ways than one by leav-
ing Lutteridge; meanwhile his prayer should
be—'Save me from friends!'"

"He has at all events found a warm
champion in Mistress Morven," was the net-
tled Baronet's retort, his cheeks flushing at
her implied taunt.

But Maud struck into the discussion with-
out. "For pity's sake, torture me no more!
Of course Captain Wentworth must escape
immediately—my father would incur dis-
grace by harboring him; but he that would
deserve well of me must use all his efforts
to help to save him."

"Leave it to me, dear Maud!" said her
lover earnestly. "I am no traitor; I will go
to him instantly and warn him of his dan-
ger, telling him at the same time what I
conceive to be my duty in the matter."

After this not a word was spoken until
they reached home, Sir Miles, Sir Randolph
and the Captain were closeted in the library
until the dinner hour when they emerged,
Sir Randolph informed the expectant girls
that the fugitive would quit the house at
nightfall.

At dinner Captain Wentworth seemed
just the same as usual, grave and rather
silent, but quite at ease. He sat next
to Maud, who gazed into his face in a con-
tinual flutter of excitement, which his calm
eyes as continually quenched. After the
meal he and his host strolled off together,
while little Charles and his visitors, cluster-
ing round Gladys, petitioned for their fa-
vorite recreation of "hide and seek."

Gladys was glad of something to still the
strange tumult of her spirits; and, being
elected to hide first, as the best sport of all,
she ran off lightly down the wide corridor.
Seeing the door of the library ajar, she peep-
ed in. The room was empty, so she ran
across quickly, and, mounting upon a sofa,

pressed a spring behind an oil painting
which opened into a cupboard where Sir
Miles kept a few miscellaneous books,
papers, etc. By entering this cupboard
and crouching down, she would be com-
pletely hidden, her head being just on the level
with the top of the sofa.

She had no more than two minutes in her re-
treat before someone entered, shut the door
behind him, crossed the room, and sat
down on the sofa just before the secret
panel.

Almost at the same instant she heard the
voice of Sir Miles ejaculate gruffly—

"Leave the house indeed! 'Sdeath, man,
yes, to fall into the canting, hypocritical,
Scripture-twisting mouths all nearly to re-
ceive you! No wonder he said, 'Leave the
house!' The black-hearted youngster! His
sire was as honest a Royalist as ever drew
sword in the King's name."

"Sir Randolph is only somewhat of a time-
server, Sir Miles," answered the calm, even
tones of Captain Wentworth. "When the
King comes to his own again, we shall per-
haps have him on our side once more. He
is young. Forgive to accommodate spirit
which leads him to seek himself out with
ruffe and plume, but at the same time ad-
monishes him to cro, his head and attend
conventicles."

Poor Gladys! Compelled to play the igno-
rant part of eavesdropper, she heard Sir
Miles' guttural laugh; Wentworth's well-
drawn scowl at Sir Randolph; and then the
old Cavalier continued—

"No, faith, boy; I love you, and I'll not
drop you into the lion's mouth for fifty Sir
Randolfs. Briefly, I have a plan to save
you. I couldn't suggest to every one; but
you are no coward."

"I hope not," quoth Maurice, and waited
to hear more.

"Well," proceeded his companion, "you
must announce that you are leaving instan-
taneously, and bid farewell to all; then, at nightfall,
I will quit the house and repair to the well
in the court-yard—none of the servants
would dare pry there after dark for a
duke's ransom. I will let you down by the
bucket, and will myself show you the en-
trance to the secret chamber; here you can
remain until all immediate danger is over
and I can procure you a disguise to enable
you to leave the country. By remember, in
this desperate measure you place your life
in my hands; no one but myself will know
your place of concealment, nor will you have
the power to get out again but by my help.
Now, can you trust me, Maurice?"

There was a pause of just an instant; then
the deep, quiet voice answered—

"My most kind friend, you lay under
many obligations to me. Sooner can I lose
my life, I will place myself in your hands. I
hardly know," he added, musingly, "if it
is worth such pains. Some time back I
should have cared little whether I lived or
died; but of late that has altered. I had
meant to tell you; but we will not speak of
it now."

Gladys' heart, which had throbbed with
the thought, "He is about to confess his
love for Maud!" was quieted again. He
went on—

"For how long must my incarceration
last?"

"I will give you provisions for two nights
and days, at the end of which time, if all is
safe, I will come and release you." Sir
Miles broke off suddenly, for the door was
pushed open, and in ran the children, head-
ed by Charles.

"Papa, have you seen cousin Gladys?
Captain Wentworth, have you seen her any-
where? We cannot tell where she has hid-
den herself."

"Shall I come and help to find her?" asked
the Captain.

"You? Why, you never play with us!"
was the wondering reply; but, to the great
relief of the captive, the entire hunt, after
some little squabbling, started on a fresh
score, leaving the coast clear.

As soon as all sounds had died away,
Gladys emerged from her concealment, and,
with flaming cheeks and throbbing heart,
led up the wide oak staircase to her own
chamber, there to meditate on the strange
things that she had heard.

About an hour later Captain Wentworth,

